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was this one of those extraordinary coincidences, which do occasionally happen, or plagiarism? I have been favoured with a most excellent song, adapted to this air, by a poet of the first class.

"Difyrwrch Gwyr Dyfi."—*The Delight of the Men of Dovey*.—This melody may very well pass for *Irish*, particularly when performed rather quick; if I mistake not, the celebrated *Anacreon Moore* has written a song to it. But, when the air is played slow, it is exceedingly pretty.

"Mentra Gwen."—*Venture Gwen*—alluding to matrimony.—This is a peculiar composition, but very characteristic:—the second part is much like the "Melody of North Wales" (vide *CAMBRO-BRITON*, vol. i., p. 415.) There are several Welsh songs written to this tune, and, although it is not calculated for *Pennillion*, it is frequently played by the harpers in the principality.

"Tros y Dwr."—*Over the Water*.—This is one of the most pleasing melodies I have ever heard, and not only well calculated for a song, but also for *Pennillion* of the metre, which is suitable to "Llwyn Onn," &c. &c. There is something truly fanciful in the last bars of the first and second parts, which do not finish (as is generally the case) on the key note, but on the dominant or fifth above, to alter which would be death by the laws of Apollo!—A bard, from South Wales, has sent me an excellent song to this air, with which I must close my letter,—remaining, as usual,

Your obedient Servant,

Newman-street, March 13, 1821.

JOHN PARRY.

WALKS ROUND DOLGELLAU.

—"Well do I know these mountain wilds;
And every bosom'd vale, and valley stream,
Is dear to memory.

SOUTHEY.

WALK IV.

DOLGELLAU TO MALLWYD.

ONE of the most beautiful walks, in the neighbourhood of Dolgellau, is from that place to Mallwyd, a distance of twelve miles; but its beauty is stern and rugged, rather than verdant and fertile. For the first four miles, indeed, the ground is well cultivated, and plenteously adorned with woods and meadow land; but, farther on the prospect becomes more barren and imposing, till the rugged mountains of Bwlch Oerddrws shut in the road on either side, presenting one of those scenes of desolate grandeur and sublimity, which strike awe on the mind, and lead

it to contemplate with admiration the more stupendous works of nature. I have traversed this romantic road in the cold misty winter-morning, and in the joyful dawn of the summer's day: I have been benighted on the Bwlch in a fine frosty November night, and in the calm evening of an autumnal day. Some years ago, I remember, I was on my way from Shrewsbury to Dolgellau. It was in the latter end of November, and I did not reach Mallwyd till nearly six o'clock. The day, which was unusually fine for the time of year, had given place to a cold but beautiful moon-light night. There had been some snow a day or two before, and a continual frost had preserved it on the earth, which it covered in one smooth and sparkling mantle. I remember, too, that the worthy Richard Pugh was commissioned on this occasion to guide me over the hills to Dolgellau, and he had brought with him a stout nag for my accommodation, as he himself preferred walking through the snow. We left Mallwyd about seven o'clock, and arrived at Dinas Mawddwy in something less than an hour. Like a true thorough-bred Cambrian, Richard whispered, as we approached that paragon of pot-houses, the Blue Lion, that we should not pass any place before we reached Dolgellau, where we could get a glass of *curw*, except, indeed, a miserable house they called the Cross Foxes; and, if his honour thought well of it, we had better turn in and get a glass, as *he* could answer for the potency of the liquor. We turned in accordingly, and found the *curw* potent and palatable. I shall never forget the glorious scene, which opened before us, on the Bwlch. The moon-beams were resting placidly on the hills, and the frozen snow sparkled like diamonds in their clear pale light. There was a most death-like silence in the scene. The little river, which washes the base of the hills on the south, was frozen into quietness; and the sheep, which, in the daytime, enliven with their bleatings the solitude of the pass, were at rest for the night. The echo of my horse's hoofs, and the deep guttural voice of my *Cicerone*, were the only sounds which disturbed the deep stillness around us; and it will be long ere I forget the impressive solemnity of that beautiful winter evening. But wherefore this egotistical digression? Let us commence our ramble.

At the south-west corner of Dolgellau there is an outlet from the town, which leads to the Mallwyd road. Leaving on the right an antique building, which formerly served as the county jail, and on the left an old over-shot mill, we cross the little

bridge over the Aran, and find ourselves in an excellent road, with some good pasture land on each side of us,—that on the left leading down to the river Wnion. About two miles from Dolellau we reach a solitary change-house, situated near the spot where the Machynlleth road branches off from the highway; its sign the Cross Foxes. In my boyhood I was accustomed to pay occasional visits to this said change-house, in company with my foster-mother, Mistress Catherine Reece, a very worthy good woman, a kinsman of whom then wielded the sceptre of the Cross Foxes. A very urgent provocation tempted me to ramble in summer time towards this solitary change-house: the wife of mine host was exceedingly well skilled in the compounding of—*gooseberry-fool*, a composition I have ever loved; and there was always a plate in reserve for Catherine Reece's foster-son. But many and sad are the years, which have since passed by. The good Catherine—peace be with her!—has been long since gathered to her fathers, and another dynasty enjoys the sovereignty of the Cross Foxes.

Continuing our walk we pass Gwanas, the estate of John Kennedy, Esq.; and, shortly afterwards, we arrive at Caerynwch, the comfortable mansion of our present venerable Chief Baron. The house is a modern structure, built by Sir Richard Richards, a few years ago, in a retired and most beautiful situation. The spot has always been a favourite one with the worthy Baron, and I have heard it said, that he selected it as the scite of a family residence long before the erection of the present commodious mansion. It is a fortunate and an honourable thing for Merionethshire, that it can boast of two such inhabitants as Sir Robert Vaughan and Chief Baron Richards. The benefit, which accrues to the county from the benevolent exertions of these gentlemen, is incalculable. The Baron, indeed, from the urgent and important duties of his high office, cannot pay the same degree of attention to the comfort and welfare of his dependants in Wales as Sir Robert can; but, notwithstanding the arduous occupation of his time as a *judge*, he is by no means neglectful of the duties of his calling as a *man*. After the toils of term and circuit are over, the Baron loses the venerable sternness of his official character in the more attractive duties of the country gentleman, and, at his beloved retreat of Caerynwch, enjoys a temporary tranquillity from the perplexities of his elevated situation, happy in the esteem and respect of his countrymen.

Soon after we leave Caerynwch we reach the Bwlch*, the mountains of which lift up their barren summits to the clouds in stern and desolate grandeur. The scenery is, indeed, wild and impressive enough; but, imposing as it is, it gains additional interest from the recollection that amidst its rugged wilds a meeting was held of yore, which had for its object the reform of the government of the principality. Bwlch Oerddrws, says Pennant, is noted for being one of the three places, in which were assembled, six years after the wars of Glyndwr, all the great men of certain districts, in order to enforce the observation of justice by their own weight, without any other legal sanction†. How far the resolutions of these gentlemen were carried into effect is not well known; but it is highly probable that the merciless laws, enacted against the Welsh after Glyndwr's rebellion, prevented the exercise of any one of them. There is yet another circumstance relating to the Bwlch, which harmonizes well with its romantic scenery. The Gwylliaid Cochion Mawddwy lived near it, and often infested it for the purpose of intercepting such travellers as were bold or unwary enough to venture across its mountains‡. But centuries have rolled on since these things happened: Wales now enjoys a happy participation in the laws of England, and her natives are undisturbed by the exploits of robbers. Having descended the Bwlch, we shortly arrive at Dinas Mawddwy, and, about two miles farther on, at the mountain village of Mallwyd, where the traveller will find very tolerable accommodations at the Cross Foxes. There are two objects well worthy of inspection in the neighbourhood of Mallwyd. One is the church-yard of the hamlet, with its venerable and majestic yew trees, and the other is the beautiful bridge about half a mile from the village. Even these alone are sufficient to repay a person for his walk; but the sensitive man will never regret the toil of a ramble to Mallwyd, as the road thither from Dolgellau is one continued display of imposing scenery.

MERVINIUS.

* *Bwlch* means, generally, in the names of places, a pass between two hills in which sense it is here used. *Bwlch Oerddrws* is the Pass of the Cold Door.—ED.

† See *Tours in Wales*, Vol. 2. p. 235 8vo. ed., where the reader will also observe some curious resolutions, into which the Patriots entered.

‡ Some interesting notices of the *Gwylliaid Cochion Mawddwy*, or Red Banditti of Mawddwy, may be seen in the first volume, at pages 184 and 266.—ED.